OUR HONORED DEAD

THE MEMORIAL DAY OF 1876.

FAME'S ETERNAL CAMPING GROUND

OUR SLEEPING COMRADES' GRAVES

FLORAL TRIBUTES TO THE NATION'S BRAVE

THE SERVICES AT THE CEMETERIES AT THE TOMB OF "THE UNKNOWN."

THE NATIONAL POEM BY MR. B. F. TAYLOR

ORATION OF GOV. WOODFORD

THE DAY AT THE SOLDIERS' HOME

TRIBUTE PAID BY THE VETERANS

upon the cities of the dead since the inauguration of the sad ceremonial in our land than beamed upon them yesterday. There seemed to be an added interest this Centennial year in every-thing that tends to prove the loyalty of our people to the old flag and to the memory of the brave ple to the old hag and to the memory of the brave defenders. The sentiment 'school in the hearts of all our people by the centermial year glowed out all over the District of Colt India. Not only at Arlington, Soldiers' Home, Dak Hill, Home Battle and other cemeteries was i displayed, but where stand the statues of our great men; there

where stand the statues of our great men; there also was it shown by the beautiful woral offerings scattered at their feet and wreaths of evergreen that decked their brows.

The fresh breeze from the northeast kept the air cool and invigorating, and made it exceedingly pleasant for pedestrians as well as for those obliged to sit in the sun or to labor at the grateful task of strewing fresh flowers over the sleeping braves.

ful task of strewing fresh flowers over the sleeping braves. As early as sunrise a constant stream of humanity poured toward Arlington, and continued until late in the afternoon. Hundreds of vehicles of every description passed over the Aqueduct and Long bridges, while upon the river every conceivable sort of craft was brought into requisition for ferrying over those who failed to obtain conveyances from the city. The street-cars leading to Georgetown were packed with passengers until reaching Twentieth street, where many disembarked and took the ferry-boats improvised for the occasion, others crossing the bridges on foot and taking omnibuses, ambulances, backs and other vehicles plying between the mansion and the bridges. Thousands carried fieral offerings with them to deck the graves of the many who sleep upon those beautiful heights of Arlington as defenders of the Union—many to offer tribute to fathers, sons and brothers.

At Arlington. Never before have the decorations at Arlington seen so grand or the concourse of people so great. The tomb of the "Unknown," underneath which lie the remains of nearly three thousand soldiers, was tastefully ornamented with a tent made of an American flag, from the cone of which hung gar-lands of roses and evergreens, while the base of the tomb was almost hidden with wreaths. The decorations of the amphitheatre, at the back of the mansion, the pillars of which are now grown over with vines, was also exceedingly testeful were with vines, was also exceedingly testential and pretty. Two large American flags were hung in graceful folds from the top, while streamers radiated from the centre of the stand to the inner row of pillars, forming an open canopy over the semi-circle in front of the stand. In the centre of the grassy area stood a bust of Lincoln upon a white marble pedestal, the martyred President crowned with a wreath of laurel, and the base of the pedestal strewn with bright flowers.

EXHECISES AT THE AMPHITHEATRE.

A large number of distinguished officers had arrived during the strewing of the flowers, and before the services at the amphitheatre had began the speakers' stand was filled. Conspicuous among those seated upon the stand were President Grant. Postmasser General Tait. Minister Pierrepont, Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, Hon. Clinton B. McDougall, Senator Sherman, General Sherman, Chief Justice Cartter, Marshall Sharp, Col. Fred. Grant. Uryses Grant. Jr., Hen. Alvan Landers and ladies, Dr. C. C. Cox and Mrs. Cox, Hon. B. G. Harris, Hon. Thomas C. Platt and Mrs. Platt, Hon. Wim. McKee Dunn and ladies, Hon. H. F. Page, B. F. Taylor, of Obicago; Gapt. J. F. Smith, Major Hawkes, Capt. Kuhna, Hon. J. A. Kasson, Hon. T. W. McCreery, Hon. Mark H. Dunnell, Hon. B. T. Ezmes and many others. A 12 Colock

a Sational Salute as fired, at the conclusion of which Major awker, Department Commander, arose and

DECORATION DAY-ABLINGTON, 1876-POTOMAC.

Thy silver skeins grew sinewy strong,
Thy rills were wrought in rivers long.
Thy whisper rose to battle-song!
Thy whisper rose to battle-song!
Thy mantle, white as cider down,
Smote the great ledges dunch and brown,
Left the grim gorge a giorious sear,
Wrenched from the giobe cach mountain finke,
Till rocks broke slence older far
Than Paradise or Pentatench!
Potomac! What was he to thee,
Path-master grand of old Red Sea,
That thou shouldst heir the very cloak
With which God's brave Licutenant broke
The road and highway for the free!
and yet so long ago the fannier died,
seems to-day as if, in mountain pride,
d Shenandouls stood gallandy aside
as the road yet of the control God cursed the ground but hushed and ble water.

As pure to-day as when with smiling eyes, Mother of men and Eden's closest daughter brank the new crystal from her hollowed ha Sweep, royal river, through this royal land? I rashe at his propaleur like a sword to-day in glad saline, from Cumberland to Bay, 20 them whose very dying kept thee great. in glad salute, from Cumberland to Hay.

To them whose very dying kept thee great,
saved thee alive this geographic fate:

What veined an Empire bounds a sundered State! VIEGINIA. VHIGINIA.

The Sc-ond Charles' hand did write thy name,
Virginia, across his royal shield,
Of all the New World, gramted thee that fame,
For thus his titles blazed along the field:
'By God's own grace the Lord and King are We,
Of England, Scotland; Irvland and of the:
Be thou, "the Old Dominion," ever free!

Be thon, "the old Dominion," ever free:

OCLIBBIA AND THE CAPITOL.

Put on to-day thy queenilest of smile.
Columbia. Tonchrup the rain with rum.
And bend the Bow of Frontise on the frumts of the And the Bow of Frontise on the frumt is done,
These Boys in Blue are every one thine own!
Their tablets mark each red and fery mile
These heroes traveled and the Nation trod—
We to salvation—they direct to fool.
Without them, what would mean you stately pile
That looms aloft, a palace of a cloud,
But the dead whiteness of an empty shroad?
See where it breaks the sky line, still and proud.
As if some sculptor tore the snowy scalp
And frieze of marble from a snowy Aip,
And wrought it down, and scalptured out its heart
With los ing tonches and consummate art.
And crowned the triumph with a world of dome
Firm as the rock but fairy as the foam,
And propied it with Liberty alone,
This strange, ethermal butble of a stone.
And gave it all with hallowed, reverend hand
To be the Federal temple of this better land,
Without these dead men here, and such as these,
Without such living herves as low grace
This dear Magnodia Day, this sacred place,
That dome might drift like this the down in brozze,
And not a living thing to mourn or miss
The poor, dishanatich, entry chysalls!
The presence gone, the grand old meaning hid.
Bare as Machopelah, dumb as pyramid. COLUMBIA AND THE CAPITOL.

Bare as Macbpeiah, dumb as pyramid.

ARLINGTON.

Oh, Arlington: Brave memorial realm
Where fame and fortune met in olden days.
And women graceful as a lady elm.
And oaks of men that caught historic goze.
Saw life through old Virginia's golden haze.
Here silver voices floated on the nights.
And laughter warding like a nest of birds.
And laughter warding like a nest of birds.
And winning smiles and welcoming of word,
Here love was born and here Ambition burned
Out as noble hearts as ever were inurned.
Vanished the visions like some spectral light,
Lords of the Manor, evermore good-night!
Make room, ye shadows, for the dead are here:
They come in force full twenty thousand strong,
And hold this manor by a bond so clear
That, every dawning of the forcal rear,
Is sure to bring their fittle-deeds along—
They all are kings, and our kings do no wrong,
THE RAIN OF FLOWERS. THE BAIN OF FLOWERS.

THE BAIN OF FLOWERS.

Here falls to-day Love's equinoctial rain
Of buds and blossons that will fade away
To-morrow, and we seek them here in vain.
Will nothing has ferever and a day
That we can bring for tribute? Have you thought
How near himorrial a Forget-me-not?
That Volet's eyes is only closed awhile
For fresher fragrance and a brighter smile;
That old Bluch Roses truly live forever?
That all these flecting creatures are never,
In deadest winter or in darkest night,
Without a resurrection day in sight?
Then let the pansies rain and lilies snow
"Till earth's last flower of May forgets to blow.
So shall the story of these dead of ours
Spring to new life as deathless as the flowers.

ARLINGTON'S MAP OF EMPIRE. ARLINGTON'S MAP OF EMPIRE.

Spring to new life as deathless as the flowers,

ARLINGTON'S MAP OF EMPIRE.

There came a time when from that, classic porch War flared in Freedom's face his smoky torch. Istood within that old ancestral hall And saw a map upon the empty wall
As tawny as the Ther. Faded leaf Of empire on the brink of being born.

Where atland the golden miles in belted sheaf Were wighten comes of sat ages portrayed; where nighty marts and Presidents are made, There is a superior of the training of the map o

Two worlds clasp hands within this breatme space.
So near, so far, yet standing face to face.
And here we halt and wait upon the brink.
And billowy border of all earthly things.
To strow with fragrance lions and dead kings.
Dead: What is dead? Does any creature think.
These men who gain a furlough from the grave.
And then report to Time, need add to brave.
The long and lonely silences of dust?
Ah, no. They did not bankrupt Time, but lent
A dignity to dying when they went.
Whiled to the world a new heroic age.
And gave to us, in frank, free, soldler trust.
A frontispiece for Fame's unfurlished page! "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!"

And took the Captain at his latest word,
Great Heart, good night! Death made thee commodore.

And yet no orders for a hundred years!
Why name this man a century ashore?
I to so wiry. They could have spared their
Who mourned him dead. He is not dead atall;
He was not usede to smother in a pall.
Men are alive who might have heard him speak.
Amid the thunders of the Chesapeake.
Those very accusts, "Dood yet give up the ship!"
That rang again from Lawrence's dying lip.
By some new name, here, there and everywhere.
The soul of courage breathes the living air.
One noble deed may bless the race, and whou,
As these now steeping here, men die for men
And Liberty and Good, the deed inspires
And kindies and exults like prairie fires;
Until, horizon to horizon broad.
It makes day's camp-fire in an utter night
And doubles daytime to intenser light.
It wilts the flowers, indeed, and glooms the sed,
But one sweet May will end the sad cellipse.
And flowers will worship with their scariet lips,
And illies pray and make all right with God!
And so this vast cucasapment of the blue
May have their marching orders any day,
And pass the world again in grand review.
Defend the right and hold the wrong at bay—
May haunt with valor some poor balting heart.
Till scenning dods to instant manbood start.
Cast off, as lightnings flash, their long disguise,
And break unsummoned from the living rock!

DECORATION DAY.

LINCOLN.

They see the pigrims to the Springacid tombRe proud to-day, oh, portice of gloom:
Where lies the man in solltary state
Who never caused a tear but when he died
And set the flags around the world half-mastThe gentle Tribune and so grandly great;
That e'en the utter avarice of Death,
That claims the world and will not be desired,
Could only rob him of his mortal breath.
How atrange the splendor, though the man be past
His noblest inspiration was his last,
The statues of the Capitol are there
As when he stood upon the marble stair
And said those words so tender, true and just,
A royal pasim that took mankind on trust—
Those words that will endure, and he in them.
While May wears flowers upon her broidered hem,
And all that marble snows and drifts to dust;
"Fondly do we hope, fervently we pray,
"With charity for all, with malice toward none."

"With charity for all, with malice toward none. LINCOLN. "That this majory some with malice toward none,
"With charity for all, with malice toward none,
"With firmness in the right
"As God shall give us light,
"Let us finish the work aiready begun,
"Care for the battle sons, the Nation's wounds to

'Care for the helpiess ones that they will leav behind where the respective sense that they will be behind with a chieve it if we can.

"A just and lasting peace forever unto man?"
And old Europe's rude and the chief wars, one can white angel of a day appears, in every year, a gift direct from Heaven, wherein from setting sun to setting sun No thought or deed of bitterness was done.

"Pay of the Truce of food?" Be this day ours, Until perpetual peace flows like a river and hope as fragrant as these tribute flowers.

Fill all the land forever and forever:

Until perpetual peace flows like a river
And hopes as fragrant as these tribute flowers
Fill all the land forever and forever?

THE FLAG.

That angel guard beholds this blossomed land
After with flags, as if old Aaron's rod
Had flowered to-day in lovelines of the land clod,
As if a million tatters of the cloudess night,
And staymed by its graves to something grand,
As if a million tatters of the cloudess night,
And striped with triune tints of daybreak light;
No Piciad lost, ablare with all their stars.
Were flung this morning from a million spars?
Though struck by lightnings, clouded up with wrath
As black as night, as red as golden blood,
Tossed by the tempest, trailed in battle's path
In mountain gorges and by field and flood,
As cloquent to-day, these Freedom flowers,
As in that Continental hour of hours,
Hid musketry and prayers and tears and cheers
It first began to flotter out its hundred years!
When Mercy went away to Arctie seas
She took no cargo but the blessed flag.
When planting Science climbs like mountain grag
She sets that banner drifting in the breeze.

"Give ma bugit old Glory in my sight!"
They laid the flag upon his dring bred,
And then he milled and bade them long good-night!
I saw it flutter up the regged steep,
When I simal came again on Lockout's crest;
I saw the clouds of Blue right upward sweep,
As if the sea would seek the caple's neet:
It was not life or death or wrath or soon
Or thirst for blood that took these men abroad
To brave the tempest and to spurn the sod,
Shake of the heavy earth that clegs and clings,
And take to air like beings born with wings.
An it take to air like beings born with wings.
An it has been all be graded them men.
The flag inspired them like a trumpet's blastIt made the her her series and strouded them allast:
If men shall seep the faith and God shall will.
Baptized he he become of a married world—
Urroll, as now, its grand commission then,
And Ages are and in every fold underied,
Wrote out in lightnings, uttered in the thunder:
Behold the his new commandm

The porm was received with enthusiastic appliance, and Mr. Taylor received the warmest of congratulations of the many distinguished persons upon the stand. After more music by Repetil's band, Hon. Stewart L. Woodford, the oracter of the day, was introduced and spoke as followed.

These heroic dead, in whose memory we meet, have justly carned the largest praise that living men may give. But our best homage must be with deeds and not alone with words and flowers. We shall pay them fitting honor only as we our-selves take up and carry forward the work, which living they did so well, which dying they bequeathed to their survivors. We can justify the sacrifice, which they so freely offered, only as we ourselves render faithful and unselfish service to the State for which they died. If we weakly fail to use their great gift well, then for us and ours have they sadly died in vain.

We need not here and now repeat the story of

their achievements. What they so grandly did is not buried with their dust. It can never be forgotten, so long as liberty is loved, so long as courage in the right and for the right is honored gotten, so long as hoerly is loved, so long as courage in the right and for the right is honored among men.

While yonder Potomae flows its minstrel waves shall sing, in verse more grand than human lips may breathe, the epic of that army, so many of whose dead sicep here.

While yonder Capitol shall stand the statue of freedem, which filly crowns its rising dome, shall tell that when our evil strife had ended there was no slave before the law in all the land.

Nor is there any need that we recount the causes of the war in which our comrades fell. If our fathers erred, as err they did, in their oppression of the weak and lowly; if they erred, as err they did, in compromises of the right for sake of gain, or case, or power, this land has safered long or d sorely. Justice weighed the nation's crime. Instice heaped and yet may heap the scale with tears and blood and agony; for no sin of man epople every yet escaped, none ever can escape full ponalty. Still it is no part of manhood idly to mourn above a buried past. "Let the dead bury their dead." Our duty is in to-day and with the living.

Nor yet among these graves would we recall even one memory of bitterness and anger. With equal lore for what was good in their common humanity, with equal forgiveness for what was evil, nature folds alike the ashes of loyalist and rebel in her resurrection robes of the spring-time anger from these cold ashes. So let there be no wrathful memory in any heart this day through all our borders.

Courage and homor alike require that we, who by God's providence were victors in the strife, should be freely and absolutely generous in peace. Courage and homor equally require that they who were beaten should yield manly submission to the decision of that final tribunal of the sword to which they appealed. These are plain words plainly spoken among our dead. Peace, complete peace, peace that shall endure, peace from the bone that shall leave no scar upon the skin can come in no other way. Let us heartily remember, let us fully own that those whom we fought were said are our brothers still—brothers not alone in name, but in blood and in love. We fought them to save our Union. We freed their slaves as opportunity was given, and were devoutly glad that thus the way was opened to put from them and us alike the sin and shame and hurt of sincery. And yet while we remember this, let us as directly say that we would keep with resolute will and unyielding hand all the results of justice, of liberty, of equal and fair play for labor and manhood, that have been bought at such terrible cost to North and South alike.

No excensions.

No ERCHIMIKATIONS.

Does any seek this day for any cause to revive the old prejudice of class and caste and race, he is no friend of the Union; does any seek this day, for self or partisan success, to set white against black or black against white, he is no friend of the Union. The man who this day draws the color line in polities is either traitor, knave or simpleton; his place is among the shadows and bats of the past, and not in the sunlight of the present. Does any one seek to deny to loyal comers in any part of the South full clitenship, complete protection and hearty welcome because such comers were the Federal blue in other days, he is no friend of the Union; does any seek to taunt loyal subjects of the law and keepers of the peace because such wore the gray in days of battle, he is no friend of the Union.

The land is one and should be at rest. We owe too much, and earn and save too little, to waste in part strife hours that are needed for present labor and present duty. It should not be hard for us to dwell together in full accord. On many fields the ashes of our common dead are mingled. On many fields the ashes of our common dead are mingled. On many fields the ashes of our common dead are mingled. On many fields the living proved and learned to respect each the manhood of the other. All that should be asked, all that need be yielded by any, each and all should be swift to offer—simply obedience to the law, in spirit as in letter, with the honest performance by every citizen of his personal duty to the State. NO RECRIMINATIONS.

Where so-called Conservatism has triumphed at the South, there have been too often practical in-tolerance, practical denial of personal liberty, practical denial of popular education, and persis-tent effort to revive old systems under new forms. Where so-called Radicalism has succeeded, there have been too often official corruption and much evenality. One turns in sadness from such parti-san-hip on either side, and asks for a patriotism of *venality. One turns in sadness from such partisanchip on either side, and asks for a patriotism of
conscience, courage and common sense, that will
neither coerce the ballot of the citizen nor steal
the revenue of the State; that will deal with
white and black alike in the great but rare wisdom of simple justice, that will seek to perform
each public trust with brave fidelity and intelligent honesty.

Not alone upon others, but equally upon ourselves, this hour lays its injunction. Let no man
feel, as he turns from this memorial meeting and
goes back to his daily living, that he can safely
or justly neglect the personal performance of his
individual political duty. Let no man feel that
he can absent himself from caucus and convention, and then, when bad men have foisted their
tools upon his political party, cast his individual
responsibility upon that party and blindly follow its leaders and support its candidates. Let
no man feel that he can stay away from the polils
and be guiltless if had men wriggle their way
into places of power and trust.

If there be truth in the charge, so freely made,
that partisan morality is low in both the great organifactions of our day, then the fault is yours and
mine. Ours is the shame, for ours has been and
is the power to cure such wrong. If lingering
paralysis still deadens our industries and checks
our reviving trade and commerce, then with us,
the people, rests large share of blame, for we
have not insisted that in national affairs the same
laws of common honesty should prevail that rule
in our daily dealings between man and man.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

in our daily dealings between man and man.

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

If our methods of the public civil service still continue to be helps to partisan control rather than means for the prompt, economical and efficient performance of public duty, it is simply and mainly because we, the people, have either deliberately preferred that should be so, or have indolently neglected practical efforts towards establishing the civil service upon the ordinary business principles and usages of the factory and the counting-room. Whenever we, the people, pledge our candidates for Congress and the Senate to neither ask nor recommend appointments, and whenever we, the people, curselves cease to torment our Representatives and Senators to secure positions for us, they will I aturally abandon any anxious attempts to control official patronage. But so long as we, the people, insist upon being rewarded by political piace for our political service. I icar that we shall not change the system which we ourselves insist upon perpetuating. Trees usually grow from the roots up, and not from the top downward.

Any failure to have good government under our system is as much our fault as that of our rulers. Nay, it is mainly our fault; for with us lies the final power. When we deliberately resolve, they must either execute our purpose or give place to such as will.

This is the lesson I would press home this day upon each brain and conscience—the personal performance by each citizen of his individual duty to the State.

We stand in the Centennial time of the Republic. The good deeds, the brave deeds of many true men have made this year possible. Broad and full harvest fields lie before us. Are we wise enough, faithful enough, unselfish enough to cross the river and enter the promised land?

To us, to all, these dead speak as living man may not. Let us heed their teaching. Let us here and now, as at altars of sacrifice, dedicate ourselves anew to the duties of our citizenship. Thus shall we turn back to our daily living better, more THE CIVIL SERVICE.

been here to scatter these flowers upon the graves where our comrades sleep.

After more singing by the orphans and a fine selection by the band, the benediction was pronounced by Rev. George Taylor, of the Grand Army, and the assemblage dispersed through the grounds, many remaining until the cod of the evening before returning. Soldiers' Home.

The ceremonies at the cemetery adjoining the strewn upon the graves at that point many of the party proceeded to Battle cometery, near Fort Stevens, and decorated the graves of the soldiers party proceeded to Battle cemetery, near Fort.
Stevens, and decorated the graves of the soldiers
there buried. The ceremonies were under the
charge of Comrade Wm. Gibson, aide-de-camp to
the department commander. Mr. Gibson was
assisted by the following committee: Mrs. A. L.
Hawkes, Mrs. M. B. Greene, Mrs. R. Gibson,
Mrs. A. E. Fithian, Mrs. Mary E. Hill. Mrs. E.
L. Grant, Mrs. Mary J. Lowry, Mrs. A. Ridgely,
Miss C. V. Biddle, Miss Rebecca Michener, and
the Messer Choir: Miss Marcia Richardson, Mrs.
Mary Sloan and Mrs. S. A. Rawlings.
Early in the morning a great number of
flowers were sent to the cemetery, and many
offerings were made by the veterans at the
Home. About 10 o'clock, when the people had
assembled about the small parillon in the cemetery, the veterans of the Home filed in to the
martial musele of the fite and drum. Besides
those who participated in the exercises there
were seated in the pavilion General Sherman,
Major General T. G. Fitcher, Governor of the
Home, with their ladies and guests. The Mosser choir, which furnished excellent vocal music
for the occasion, included E. C. Messer, B. E.
Messer, Wm. H. King, Captain S. Y. Mitchell,
G. W. Shockey, Miss Lucy Shockey, Miss
Cynthia Rockwell, Miss Nettie Messer, Mrs.
Charles Hovey. The choir opened the exercises
by singing the following hymn, composed for the
occasion by Mr. B. F. Messer:

In this sacred presence now
Let us here to ogether bow

In this sacred presence now Let us here together bow O'er these concernted mounds, As the years perform their rounds, Ne'er forget to bend and pray Each recurring floral day; Pray for those who fought and bled, Pray for those whose tears are sled, O'er their dear departed friends, Siesping where the willow bends, Sweetly sleeping till the day When again shall theil this clay. Pray for lame, for halt, for blind, From the carnage left behind: Pray till prayer is turned to praise, In the coming better days.

A fervent invocation was uttered by Rev. G.W. Hobbs, and the following ode, composed by Rev Jeorge Taylor, department chaplain, was sung: ODE.

Wake the lyre in accents softly,
Mournful, grateful be our lay;
Swells each heart with mem ries precious.
On this "Decoration Day,"
Enter we the silent bivouac,
Where our elepting comrades lie;
Whisp ring softly, there were heroes,
Daring both to do and die. Husbands, fathers, children, brothers;
Patriotic, ioyal, brave;
On the altar of our country
Died they all our land to save,
Swell the dirge; their requiem chanting
Mournful, grateful be our strain;
In the Nation's heart their mem'ries
Shall for evermore remain.

Bring we garlands, scatter roses; Every fragrant flower in bloom Fills the air with precious odors; Dissipates all sense of gloom! How'ring 'round as are their spirits, (od has own'd as just their cause, Martyrs for the cause of freedom, Ilcaven resounds with loud applanse,

Rest, ye braves, with God in glory,
We on earth your peans sing;
Year by year we'll tell the story,
Year by year these garlands bring,
Till we're called from hence to john you,
Where the victor's crown is given,
Wreathed with bright immortal flowers,
Decoration Day of Heaven.

THE NATION'S SABBATH. Morning's summer stillness rests on sea and shore, And some grander impulses—never known before, Rests on manhood's beauty—throbs in woman's heart heart—
Closes all the temples—bars the gates to art—
Locks the doors of learning and the marble halis—
Drops the curtains over all the pictured walls; Why this morning's glory—merging May with June?
Why its greander seeming and its loftler tune?
Why this sweep of mem ries down the grade of time,
While the thoughts of millions with each other
chime?
Op ning all the gateways where the lilles bloom
With the twining roses round some here's tomb—
Op'ning rolls of homo-marked by time and age,
While their valor brightens bistory's fair page?

While their valor brightens history's fair page?
Why this added glory—won in "Mexico,"
Wreathed in fadeless beauty with our own "Shiloh?"
Why these wreaths of laurel for "Antictam's" fame, Mingling with a garland in old "Concord's" name? Why brave "Yorktown" blending with the "Wilderness,"
Clasped by fragrant roses, as they droop and kiss All the snowy lilles in "Mount Vernon's" crown, And the olden mottor—"Lexington's" renown?
Why this roll of honor called to-day with pride—Marsh'ling all our heroes from the battle's tide?
Oh: there's something glorous in this great birthday,
For Centennial honors pave the nation's way;
And this morning's glory, with its binshing glow,
Reaches down the ages—a hundred years ago;
E'en to brave Columbus, when that gallant band On the "Rock' at "Plymouth" found the "Promised Land."
Twine their names with glory in the vine-wreathed cross,
And the flower-gem'd anchor, studded o'er with

And the flower-gem'd anchor, studded o'er with And the flower-gem'd anchor, studded o'er with most:
Let the dew-drops linger in the lily's bell, Breathing forth sweet fragrance, their great deeds to swell;
Twine 'New England's' wild flowers with a sunbana caught.
In the scroll of honor where their names are wrought.
Mingle prairie roses from the blooming 'West,' And magnolla bloosoms with their creamy crest.
Let the white-starred daisy and the violet Mingle with the mystle and the nignomette, and the land be sprinkled-where these heroes fought—
With the box and laurel and forget-me-not.
Let the oak leaves-whisp'ring where our banners wave—
Steak their well-known emblem—'Wilsery to the

with the box and langel and forget-me-not.

Let the oak leaves—whisp'ring where our bauners

wave—

Speak their well-known emblem—"Glory to the
brave!"

While the snowhalls tremble to their mem'ry given.

For their language is—"Thoughts of yonder
beaven."

In our sacred mission where the flowers are strewn,
We shall see some headboards marked to-day "Unknown."

Crown these nameless heroes, sleeping 'neath the
dust—

Gathered up in fragments to the Nation's trust.

In the florest con flict, at the front they stood,
Where the shock of battle shook the mighty wood.

In the stormy conflict—and the battle cry,
"Onward" was their watchword, "Conquer now or

die."

Out begant the waters, in the coverne had

Out beneath the waters, in the occan's hed.
There are thousands sleeping of our gallant dead,
And their coral caskets, underneath he waves,
Mark with pearly see shells unrecorded groune.
Let sweet mem'ries cleap them in this hallowed fold.
With their graves unjettered and the names untold.
For they buttled sobly where brave men navetred,
And their glorious record reached a loyal God. In his holy keeping garnered up for years— All their names are treasured—all their prayers and

All their names are treasured—all their prayers and to a "comrade missing"—not a brave "unknown"—
Though he died in battle near the field—alone, With ac mother's presence, and no darling child; With no father's bleesing; where no loved one With no father's bleesing; where no loved one With no father's bleesing; where no loved. But the God of Battles watched the field above. Hall, sweet Sabbath morning! Let thy glory shine While Contennial honors crown each holy ahrine; While the Nation pauses, and the orphans weep— While the widow's mourning where the heroe

While the whow a mountain the control of May Let our sacred tributes on these fields of May Wait their awestness upwards—'tis the Nation' day.

Pray that love of Usion never more may cease:
O'er these offerings bind the olive branch of peace

Pray that love of Union never more may cease;
O'er these offerings bind the olive branch of peace.

Hon. Martin F. Townsend, af New York, was introduced as the orator of the day. Mr. Townsend said that surrounded as he was by the deed gathered about them, he felt more like keeping silence, more like yielding to the awe which must come upon any man when in the presence of the sainted dead. They stood in the midst of seven themsand who gave up their lives that they might enjoy the blessings of free government. But for them this country would never have had a Centennial. No Centennial glories would ever have crowned her head; and yet, under the blessing of God, they and theirs had accomplished their great purpose, and stood here, after one hundred years, the most glorious organization of men that had ever been gathered together. He thanked God that now the army filled but little space. God had so ordered that they had little need of any. But it was true, when occasion came, our army has never been wanting.

From 1776 to 1876 victory has always perched upon the standard of the Stars and Stripes. The little army in times of peace could expanded; when the war with Mexico came the army was adequate, and when the war of 1891 came—the war of the existence of the nation—the army expanded to a million men, and if the call had been made every man would have given up his life. But now there was peace; the army was again reduced, but he thanked God that it was headed by brave men who led it through the battle-fields, and that they had as yet in the White House the soldier whose military achievements

but by one man, and that man was the first Napoleon; and, said the speaker, turning signincantly to Gen. Sherman, let to be remembered that we have another sitting in our midst not less brave, not less worthy, not less devoted to his country. They had come to strew flowers upon graves where rested heroes until the trump of life again summoned them. It was a holy occasion. Our army filled a large place in the hearts of the nation. In Europe the men who grasped wealth had parks and palaces, while here in America the boys in blue have a park and a palace equal to any that the world has ever seen in any country and in any age. It was the heroes of 175, of 1812 and of the Mexican war that fired the hearts of the brave boys to peril all in 1861. They would not have it said that the blood of their ancestors had degenerated.

This was the feeling that moved our boys, drove them to victory, and saved our land. There was a grand sight in Washington, where the boys met from the different parts of the South. The nation saw it. It was a sight that was never seen belore—patriot soldiers coming home covered all

over with laurels to resume their places as citi-sens, and to return to the plow and the workshop. It was said that the country was forgetful when it reached the point where rebels and loyal men were placed on the same footing. No, he cared not who sat in the halls of the Capitel by the momen-tary vote of the people; the question was who sat in the hearts of the people; Eighteen, almost nineteen hundred years, has passed since the crucifixion, and many had doubted Christ. Was there ever a time, ever a man, ever a place in crucifizion, and many had doubled Christ. Was there ever a time, ever a man, ever a place in which Judas and Peter and the beloved John held the same position in the heart of any man? And if there was a man in his bearing who occupied the position of Judas from 1861 to 1865 he would say that with God there was abundance of forgiveness, but there was not water and sweets of Arabia enough to wash out the name of Judas. As a law-maker he invited them to come and give their counsels with him, but it was not for them or for him, or eternity to efface the distinction between

LOYALTY AND THRASON.

tion between

LOYALTY AND THEASON.

In the great compact which the nation formed there had entered an element destined to cause a disturbance. Slavery entered into the compact; slavery determined never to die, but in the struggle for the preservation of the Union God ordered that slavery should fail. God ordered that it should fail, and that the spirit of it should be rooted out of the people. Selfishness was the spirit of slavery—a desire to live from unrecompensed labor of others. The spirit of our nation was not only not to compel others to labor without recompense, but to serve others. It was in serving others that these poor boys laid down their lives. To be a good American one should love every American that came about him; color or difference in education should have no weight. If a man was an American he was his brother. Yes, those who rebelled were their own brothers. He wished prosperity for Virginia.

There was not a house, not a newly-planted field in Virginia or the South that did not give pleasure to loyalty in New York. The Gospel conquered man, to make him happy, to it him for life here and hereafter. So they had conquered the rebellion for the good and the prosperity of country. A hundred years of prosperity: Should not the spirit of love, the spirit of humanity, the spirit of patriotism, that inspired the loyal men in 1861, and that gathered them together on that day, that led those boys to lay down their lives, prevail in the world until there should come something of that paradise which was man's first estate, and which God decreed should spread throughout the glober

At the conclusion of the oration the flowers were strown upon the graves, during which ceremony a national salute was fired by the velerans of the Bome. The participants afterwards went to Battle cemetery, where the graves were decorated without any introductory remarks.

At the Other Cemeteries.

At the Other Cemeteries. The soldiers' graves at Oak Hill and Congres sional cemeteries were decorated by a committee under the direction of Comrade Richard R. Browner. In these cemeteries several distinguished military leaders are buried, and their graves were made the special mark of effort of the committee. A number of the Grand Army,

THE MONUMENTS AND THE STATUARY THE MONUMENTS AND THE STATUARY
in the city, and Mrs. Kimball and a number of
school teachers and other ladies, assisted by
thirteen little girls who were dressed in red,
white and blue, attended to the decorating of the
statues of Jackson, Scott, Lincoln and Washingten in the public squares and all those in the old
Hall of Representatives received the fragrant
ovations, while several of the prominent paintings
were similarly honored. In front of the

were similarly honored. In front of the

PAINTING OF WASHINGTON,
on the right of the Speaker's stand, was a magnificent boquet of flowers in the shape of a star, composed or roses, heliotrope and calla lilles, with a card bearing the inscription "May the centuries keep his memory green." A large basket of roses and other flowers stood at the left of the picture. The tribute to Lafayette was composed of a stand of flowers and ferns.

The statue of Washington, in the Statuary Hall, was hung with a magnificent wreath, and garlanded with numerous other floral tributes. That of Lincoln had a superb wreath, with a card containing the latter portion of his great inaugural address, beginning with "Mailiee toward none, with charity for all." Ethan Allen had a basket of choice flowers at his feet, and a rosebud among the ruffles of his shirt-bosom. Jefferson, Hamildon, "Trumbull, Sherman, Baker and General Greene were all honored with wreaths and bouquets. Through some mistake the statues of Franklin, Winthrop and Roger Williams were omitted, and some ladies of Capitol Hill completed the beautiful idea by crowning the champion of "soul liberty" and the auther of "Bloody Temes for Conscience Sake" (the arguments of which made Locke notorious lifty years later, with a crown of laurel and diadem of pinks, and which made Locke notorious fifty years later, with a crown of laurel and diadem of pinks, and placing a monument of flowers upon the pedestal, and also carrying out the grand idea in the decoration of the other two.

German Veteran Bund. By some misunderstanding the German Vet-eran Bund was prohibited from decorating the graves of the Union soldiers at Prospect Hill

street, between Sixth and Seventh. The presi-dent (Capt. H. Eichholz) addressed the assembly with an elequent speech, saying that the Vet-eran Bund regretted very much to be unable to fulfill their duty at this day. The members con-cluded to hold a meeting and state that the mem-ory of their deceased comrades lives forever in their hearts. Gen. Gehrhard, Capt. F. Olling and Dr. Mauss made brief speeches, and on motion of the president the secretary was ordered to sub-mit to the Grand Army the thanks of the Vet-eran Bund, the Grand Army having decorated the graves on Prospect hill, knowing the Vet-eran Bund was unable to do it.

Reflections.

Our streets and avenues yesterday wore a deserted appearance, and business was generally suspended, our citizens turning out en masse to pay tribute to the gallant men whose remains are interred in Arlington and other cemeteries surrounding the city, and whose names are to-day recorded among the bravest of the brave for their

rounding the city, and whose names are to-day recorded among the bravest of the brave for their self-sacrificing devotion to the flag of their country, and in whose defense they offered up their lives that "the Government of the people, for the people and by the people should not perish from the earth." What more beautiful tribute could be paid to our beloved and honored dead than these ever cherished emblems of love, purity and devotion made green by the dews of heaven and showers of spring, and strewn by fair hands upon these lonely mounds in this, the Centennial year of our nation's existence!

These loral offerings, most beautiful among the beautiful things of earth, clothed in more regal splendor than Solomon in all his glory, make a fit covering indeed for the graves of those who died in the defense of this great nation, made great and sealed by the blood of their, ancesters at the battles of Lexington, Princeton, Saratoga and Cowpons, under the burning sun of Monmouth's ever memorable day, in the snows of Valley Forge and the piercing cold of Quebec one hundred years ago. The spirit that animated these men was love of country, and that self-sacrificing devotion with which they went forth to battle for the flag has made them to be ever cherished in the hearts of their countrymen and won for them a nation's gratitude, and the nation to-day has not forgotten her honored dead.

Many a mother as she carefully bedecked the grave of some here unknown to her to-day, prayed earnestly that some kind hand might perform the same tribute of respect to her boy in some other section of the land. It is a beautiful custom, practiced by countries centuries ago, and should be practiced while this nation continues to exist. And in this Centennial year it is to be hoped that good may arise from what was done to-day, which may go far to hush the blekerings of the late war, and that in the future we may go forward hand-in-hand as brothers, having but one common end in view, the welfare of America.

THE DAY ELSEWHERE. At Annapolis.

At Annapolis.

The graves in the Soldiers' cemetery at Annapolis were handsomely decorated by some citizens, but there was no ceremony attending the event. The strewing of flowers on the graves in the Naval Acndemy burial-ground was conducted by Mrs. Redgers, the estimable wife of Rear Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers, superintendent of the Academy, assisted by some lady friends and relatives of those buried there. On the tombs of Lieutenant Commander Flusser and Lieutenant Preston Commander Flusser and Lieutenant Preston were strewn the choicest flowers of the season, while

was literally covered with flowers. At the head was a pyramid of roses, on the breast a beautiful floral cross, at the foot several small boquets, while along the sides loose flowers of almost every description were scattered. The flowers used in the decoration of this grave were sent from this city by the ladies of officers attached to the navy yard, where Commander Cushing was stationed at the time of his death. The remains of this galiant young officer were buried at the Academy by request of those intrusted in the welfare of the navy, yet no stone marks his resting place. Some movement should be made to commemorate his brilliant deeds by creeting a suitable monument over his grave, and not allow the expense of raising such a structure to be borne by his widow, who has two young children to provide for. THE GRAVE OF COMMANDER CUSHING

NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, May 20.—Decoration day ceremonies were unusually interesting this year, and were witnessed by a far larger concourse of spectators than on any former occasion. At the Washington status, on Union squae, which is almost hidden beneath flowers and Verdure. Cameron Poet, No. 79, G. A. R., which decorated it, assembled early this morning, and there were music, prayer and addresses. The decoration of Lincoin status by Abraham Lincoin Poet, No. 13, commenced at midnight.

Among them were two paimettes, forwarded by W. A. Couriney, of the Washington Light Artilliery, Charleston, S. U., and two pine trees, presented by L. B. Chapman, of Westbrook, in the name of the soldiers of Maine. The paimettos and pines were connected by silken streamers that met in the beak of an American eagle, which was perched on a mossgrown fence-rail at the foot of the statue.

The Lafaystte Guards, (French.) Skidmore Guards, (colored.) together with Post No. 13, Veterans of 1812, and the Washington Continentals took part in the exercises was delivered by General M. T. McMahon, of the Sight army corps. At the close of the oration a ladder was placed against the monument and a young colored man ascended with uncovered head and crowned.

THE WORLD'S BAZAAR. RUHAMAH AFTER SCALPS

SABBATH BREAKING AND BEER DRINKING

REDUCTION OF ADMISSION PRICE

IT IS A VERY SENSIBLE PROPOSITION

INTERESTING CENTENNIAL NOTES

Sunday seems to be less observed in Philadel-Sunday seems to be less observed in Philadel-phia than in any other city of the Union, and it does not seem possible that they can have any Sunday laws from the way in which the police stand around the wide-open doors of salcons and beer gardens. Down in the city a little more respect or fear for the day is shown, but out by the Centennial grounds business is more flourishing than on any other day. Until afternoon, every car or vehicle going to the grounds is filled, and the streets are lined with more sober family parties, loaded with lunch-baskets and small children. The grounds are strictly closed, only the most necessary officials being allowed to enter, and the poor wretches walk around the inand congregating on the reservoir, on George's A VIEW OF THE FORBIDDEN SIGHTS.

The drinking places do a driving business, and beer and whisky flow in unceasing streams all day. The side shows, with their astonishing pictures, are all open, and of course the small boys will want to see some of the wonders. The fat woman, the snake charmer, the sword swallower, woman, the snake charmer, the sword swallower, the fire-eater and "great monsters of the briny deep" display their supposed charms upon canvas banners, while the showman, with cast-iron langs, shouts forth his rigamarole without a pause. Some of the portraits are unique. The fire-eater transcends the imagination of even Dante or Dore, and is a vision of diabolical fiames; spontaneous combustion would seem to be his complaint. The "great monster of the briny deep" represents a bob-tailed army horse on the rampage; the water is splashing and foaming, two boat loads of sailors are spilling their contents, the pop-eyed menster has nipped a poor sailor right through the body, and the sailor's form hangs from his mouth like a pair of saddle-bags, while the gore is flowing by the barrel. The general effect is striking, and one cannot help being astonished either at the miracle of nature, the work of art or the gullibility of mankind. Hinerant vonders of canes, Centennial badges and handkerchiefs, lemonade, candy, peanuts, fruit and trashin general obstruct the way and rasp the air with their discordant voices. The much-boasted American Sunday is not well-exemplified here, and as far as morality is concerned, they might as well open the grounds. Mr. Corliss would "rather have his engine whed out than run it on Sunday," half of the exhibitors would cover their goods, and double the number of police would not suffice to keep the great unwashed in a state of order. the fire-cater and "great monsters of the bring A VERY SENSIBLE PROPOSITION

has been made to charge a reduced price for admission Saturday afternoons, and keep the Exhibition open until nine or ten o'clock in the evening, and in this way allow the laboring classes a chance to see the Centennial without breaking the Sabbath. These people are the greatest nussure; they never can do snything for them selves, and good men have to bear all the trouble and worry of attending to their welfare. Hundreds, and almost thousands, of them go out and stry around the grounds all day Sunday, and by dark some are seen staggering home. The street cars take the rest of them, for a drunken man seems to be a welcome addition to a crowded car in the eyes of the conductor, and they are tracted with the greatest consideration. Most of the visitors here improve their day of rest by riding in the park, and the Wissahlekon drive is alive with carriages of all descriptions. The same places that were known to our Revolutionary here improves their day of rest by riding in the park, and the Wissahlekon drive is alive with carriages of all descriptions. The same places that were known to our Revolutionary here in the had their with carriages of all descriptions. The same places that were known to our Revolutionary forefathers, and where some of them had their homes, are now the resort of the people of all nations, and both British and American fings fly from the former homes of Robert Morris and Benediet Arnold. The park is rich in historical associations and its scenery unsurpassed. Central park, with its acres of artificial scenery, is inferior in point of real beauty. The landscape artist, with his devastating hatchet and ignorance of the real beauties of anture, seems never to have polluted this place with his vandal presence.

Long may it be before Fairmount becomes the monument of ignorance and vulgar extravagance that the Capitol grounds promise to be. I feel a personal vengeance against the man who chops down a tree, be he the Father of his Country or the Board of Public Works. In hot weather the fruits of their villary are more apparent than ever, and on these perfectly broiling days I sigh for the scalp of the man who chopped down trees that ought to line the streets and cast a refreshing shade over the par-boiled wretches who must walk. The thermometer has risen, and everything is quivering under the fierce sun, but people seem to have no intention of putting off their winter clothes. Ladies go around in the hot sliks, velvets and worsteds they have worn in the coldest weather, and it seems as if they never would exchange them for the beautiful lawns and linens that ornament the store windows. I have thought every day that a white dress would appear, but except children none seem to seek cemfort. The coolest place in the city is Thomas' garden, and no matter how warm the day has been the concert hall is deliciously cool, and the musicians look so comfortable in comparison with the perspiring members of Gilmore's band. Thomas is as faultlessly correct as ever, but he will not repeat, and he thereby causes great grief among his admirers. The other evening we arrived just as he was about concolading asymphonic poem of St. Sae

BUT THEODORE WAS INEXORABLE,
and only recognizes our efforts by ducking his
head in that indescribable way, and thundering
forth at the "Wagner March." All the crashing
ta-ta-ta's were lost upon a part of his audience,
and we all voted Wagner a nuisance and Thomas
a wretch. Every Friday ovening is symphony
night, and the second part of the programme is
an entire symphony. Beethoven's "Fifth" and
Raff's "Lenore" are the ones given so far, and
both times the audience has been fairly carried
away. Besides Thomas' concerts, Philadelphia
hasn't had any very attractive amusements since
the opening of the Centennial. Sothern, in his
brilliant satire of Lord Bundreary, is to be here
this week, and I can't understand why he doesn't
make a greater, have among the susceptible sex
than Rignold. Lithographs of M'lle Belocca
have been in the windows for some time, but no
announcements of her appearance have been given
yet. Miss Kedlogg's lease of the Academy of
Music has not expired yet, so that no one else can
sing there. Poor Olars Louise! for once her avricious spirit is suffering; she has to pay for the
rent of the building and chorus, and she can lose
less by not giving performances in it than if she
talked through the different relative a skeleton BUT THEODORE WAS INEXORABLE, rent of the building and oborus, and she can lose less by not giving performance in it than if she stalked through the different roles to a skeleton audience. This time she miscalculated upon the endurance of mankind, and she is new atoming for her inflictions upon a long-suffering public. Poor Giffmore is sent from place to place, but the main building seems to be the only proper place. Thursday morning he gave his first and only concert in Machinery Hall. THE GREAT ENGINE DROPPED

its arms at its side and Niagara ceased its roar, while music's heavenly strains echoed from door to door. (Poet and didn't know it.) The poor employees seemed to enjoy it greatly, but they didn't know enough to appland loudly. Before the concert was over a freight-train of three cars and an engine came rolling through the building, clanging its bell and letting off steam incessantly. It stopped just before the music-stand, separating the band from the greater part of the audience, and keeping up its infernal racket all of the time. Jubilee G. brought the piece to an abrupt close and glared at the intruding rival, but it only steamed ou to the other end, hooked on an empty car and clanged its way back again. For fully ten minutes cars were tortured with all the noises that an engine can make, and after the train had passed out there was a dreadful stramong the officials and guards as to who gave the engineer a permit to enter, ke. It was said that the exhibitors in the building objected to the concerts, because they had to stop their machines, but I should think Mr. Gilmore would choose another place after such a politic reception. A music-stand is being erected in the revise between the Memo-

from New York to the number of 200 arrived in town this morning, and were received at the new Bankers' and Brokers' building, on the grounds, by E. E. Knight, president of the Bound Brook railroad. After prayer by Rev. Mr. Jackson the party adjourned to Judges' Hall, where speeches were made according to programme. This after-noon Mrs. Susan B. Anthony addressed the club at the Press handoursers.

at the Press headquarters.

THE GREAT CROWD.

PRILADELIPHIA, May 30.—The attendance at the grounds to-day was almost if not equal to that on the opening day. Before the closing hour of the Exposition to-day a dinner to the French jury of award and the French Centennial commission was given on the grounds. The executive committee of the United States Centennial commission met this afternoon, when Messrs Norman White and W. W. Atterbury, of New York, appeared and presented a petition on behalf of some 400 signers, including the names of leading business firms, bank presidents, &c., of New York city, commending the action of the commission in closing the Exhibition on Sunday. The names of Cyrus W. Field, Governor Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., Marshall O. Roberts are attached to the petition. Ell Boughton, a resident of Plainfield, N. J., met with an accident to-day that will probably be attended with fatal

RACES AT RELMONT PARK.

PRILADELPHIA, May30.—The Belmont Driving Park Association opened their new track to-day in the presence of over three thousand people. The new park is one of the finest in the country, the improvements costing over \$100,000. It is planned after the latest turi ideas, and everything is first class. Colonel S. H. Russell, of Boston, the owner of Smuggler, and vice president of the National Trotting Association, is at the head of this enterprise, and has obligated himself to give \$200,000 in premiums during the season. The mile track is raised, cost \$25,000, and is the fastest in the country. The first meeting will last seven days, the purses amounting to \$30,000. On Friday Goldsmith Maid will trot against her great performance of 2:14, after which she will retire from the turf. There were two races to-day for 222 and 2:25 class; six entries, two drawn. David Muckle's b. m. Belle, (dead heat,) 1, 4, 2, 4, 2; J. H. Phillips' b. m. Adelaide, 4, 4, 3, 2, 3, retired; J. B. Alexander's b. g. John H., (dead heat,) 3, 1, 3, 4; 0. Reid's blk m. Blanche, drawn. Time, 2:23, 2:24, 2:244, 2:254, 2:275, 2:275, 2:234, 2:254, 2:275, RACES AT BELMONT PARK.

CENTENNIAL EXCURSIONISTS. CENTENNIAL EXCURSIONISTS.

NEW YORK, May 30.—Satton Commandery of Rnights Templar, of New Bedford, Mass, numbering over 10.0, and accompanied by members of their families, arrived by boat at Jersey City this morning. They left soon after for Philadelphia, to take part in the pageant to morrow. Palestine Commandery, of New York city, left for Philadelphia at 1:30 o'clock this morning. Three car loads of New York bankers left for Philadelphia in a special Pullman train to-day.

in a special Pullman train to-day.

CENTERNIAL BANNER.

ALBANY, N. Y., May 30.—The banner procured by the ladies of Atbany and other parts of the State to be presented to the Women's Pavillen at the Centennial Exhibition was this evening presented by ex-Governor Seymour, on the part of the ladies, to ex-Governor Hoffman, who received it on behalf of the Women's Pavillen exhibition. It is of blue slik, richly embroidered, and measures 12 by 18 foet, it is inseribed with these words, worked in letters of gold: "From the daughters of New York to their sisters of the United States." Beneath the dates 1776—1876 are the words: "The Lord God be with us, as he was with our fathers." An ode written fer the occasion by William Culien Bryant was read by Hon. Lyman Tremaine.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE. Investigation by the Congressional Sub-Committee.

New York, May 30 .- The Congressional sub Committee on the administration of the Depart. ment of Justice continued its investigation at the

crat; was naturalized in 1855, and had been an alderman in this city. On October 19 he was seated in his house, when a man entered without knocking, produced a book, and asked him his his badge as a United States deputy marshal, and threatened to have him arrested. The same atternoon witness was arrested on a warrant issued by John I. Davenport, and was taken to the Flith-avenue hotel, arraigned before Mr. Davenport, and committed to the Ludiow-street jail until the following Monday. He offered a friend as bail, but Mr. Davenport required two bondsmen, and would not allow him time to procure another. He was then locked up until Ronday, when he was released on bail. Nothing further was ever done in the case. Witness believed that this action on the part of Davenport had deterred honest voters from going to the polis that year. Several other witnesses were examined, both in the moraling and afternoon sessions, but their cridenee was not of importance.

District Attorney Bliss was called early in the evening and questioned as to his action in the case of Gilbson, the publisher of the Harley Local who his badge as a United States deputy marshal.

was foreibly removed from the grand jury room
by order of the assistant district attorney, while
he was making a complaint against the post-office
authorities at Harlein. Mr. Bliss detailed at
length the proceedings in the case. He had dismissed the complaint after an investigation, and
Mr. Gibson had taken it before the grand jury
without his authority. A person having a complaint to make could lay it before a United States
commissioner or the district autorney, but
not before the grand jury unless some member
of that body had a personal knowledge of the
facts. The Gibson case had been twice disposed
of by the Post Office authorities, by the District
Attorney, by a United States commission and by
the Attorney General. An informal discussion
ensued, in which the charges against Speaker
Kerr were referred to by Mr. Bliss. On being
questioned by Mr. Caulfield, Mr. Bliss said that
he was, he supposed, mainly responsible for Mr.
Harney's appearance at Washington as a witness.
He (Bliss) had known the facts in the possession of Harney for about two months. He had
communicated them to Mr. Bass, a member of the
committee. Harney was appraiser, Darling's righthand man. When Mr. Darling's connection with
the Third-arenne Savings Bank was under investigation an effort was made to stop the investigatien by the threat that if Harney's connection
with the affairs of the bank was exposed he would
make some damaging revelations about Mr. Kerr.
Mr. Bliss said Mr. Bass told him he would not
present any charges against Mr. Kerr unless they
seemed to be well founded, and that he (Bliss)
had carefully questioned Harney in regard to his
relation with Mr. Kerr. He was satisfied that
Harney was truthful and honest.

LOSING OF THE WORK.

NEW YORK May 30.—The sub-committee of the CLOSING OF THE WORK. CLOSING OF THE WORK.

NEW YORK, May 30.—The sub-committee of the
Congressional Committee on the Judiciary closed
its sessions in this city this afternoon, and in the
evening all its members with the exception of
Mr. Meade returned to Washington. Wm. E.

to which was added \$21,000 for expenses, none of which was paid by him to Noah Davis, nor one deliar given to Wakeman for that purpose. He never had sny doubt but that General Butler had a share of the money paid by their firm. He regarded Senator Conking as counsel for Jayne, Ladin and others in this matter. The firm was given to understand that if they did not settle with the Government \$1,750,900 worth of their goods would be seized. Judge Noah Davis explained his connection with the matter, and said that on the 31st of December he saw Bliss, and offered to divide the fee with him. United States District Attorney Bliss also gave testimony in regard to the workings of his office. VIRGINIA.

A Republican Victory in Danville. Washington, D. C., May 30, 2878.
To the Editor of the National Republican: It says: "News direct from Danville assures us that the whole Republican ticket was elected in that town on the 25th instant by over one hundred

that town on the 25th instant by over one hundred majority. It is a fitting rebuke to the insane ravings of the Conservative superintendent."

As Danville is one of the most thrifty and prosperous towns in the South, and the great centre of the trade in fine smoking and chewing tobacco, it is gratifying to know that its municipal government will continue in the hands of that party which has done so much to encourage economy and to thwart the willy schemes of the Democratic councilmen. Danville may be safely put down for two hundred majority for the Cincinnati nominees. Yours, respectfully,

The Conservative Convention-A Suicide. RICHMOND, VA., May 30.—Many delegates to the State Conservative Convention, which meets to-morrow, are already here, and every train is bringing fresh arrivals. They embrace many of the best known and most distinguished citizens of Virginia. While most of the delegates have favorto want the man who can most surely win. It is more than produce that the delegation to St. Louis will be u ettered by instructions. The convention will be held in the Richmond theatre, which has been splendidly decorated for the occa-

John F. Anthony suicided to-day by hanging himself to the balustrades of the stairway. He had been recently discharged from a lunatic asylum, and it is supposed he had a return of the malady. The rope used was tade by himself before being sent to the asylum, with ordinary lampwick, ingeniously platted. It had remained concealed during his confinement. He was 35 years old, and leaves a wife and four children.

club has organized an under-graduates' crew for Saratoga, conisting of Ambrose, an experienced oar; Poole, whose first public performance was in the crew which won the Liffey cup at the last metropolitian regatta; Towers, a well-known ath-lete, and Cowen, stroke, well known at Houley,

lete, and Cowen, stroke, well known at Healey, where last year he was stroke of the crew which won the ladles' plate. Professor Leslie, a fellow of Trinity college, Dublin, and a member of the boat club, has promised to contribute largely toward the expenses of the crew. A team of Irish cricketers, selected from the beat men of the Dublin and Provincial clubs, will also go to America in August.

PROVIDENCE, R. L. June 30.—The General Assembly met at New ort this morning and organized. The counting committee reported that J. M. Addeman was elected Secretary of State by 11,709 majority, and that he choice for Governor, Lieutenant Governor Attorney General or Treasurer had been made. The General Assem-bly then elected at the Republican candidates for the above concess who received the highest number of votes in the recent election. ABDUL AZIZ.

DETHRONED BY THE SOFTAS MAHOMMED MURAD MADE SULTAN

FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY PERSONS KILLED

A GREAT CONFLAGRATION IN QUEBEC

HUNDREDS OF HOUSES ARE DESTROYED

The Conflagration is Still Raging The Sultan Made to Walk Turkey.

London, May 33, 12:30 p. m.—A dispatch to the Reuter Telegram Company from Berlin says: "A telegram received here from Constantinople says that the Sultan, Abdul Azis has been dethroned, and Mohammed Mura Effendi, nephew of Abdul

Company have received the following dispatch, confirming the report telegraphed from Berlin of

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 30.—It is officially announced here that at the unanimous wish of the people Abdul Asis has been dethroned, and the heir presumptive, Murad Effendi, proclaimed

CONSTANTINOPLE, May 30.—The dethroned Sultan is kept under guard in akiosque, at the extremity of the Seraglio. The Ministers informed Murad Effendi that he was proclaimed Sultan en Monday night. A popular demonstration took place the next morning, but no resistance was offered to the new regime. Perfect tranquility now prevails. Both Obristians and Musselmans express great satisfaction at the change. The city will be fliuminated tonight. The festivities will continue three days.

Paris, May 30.—The Le Temps states that a message in cypher notifying the Turkish Embassy here of the deposition, commenced as follows: "We, Abdul Asiz, conformably with the wishes of the majority of our subjects, abdicate." This was immediately communicated to the Du Die Cates, Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Embassy also received a message stating that the Softas first required the Sultan to reimquish the title of Caliph, which rendered him inviolable, The Sultan soon afterwards abdicated. THE DEPOSITION OF THE SULTAN.

FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVENTY MEN HILLED. FOUR HUNDRED AND SEVENTY MEN HILLED.
LONDON, May 30.—A special dispatch to the
Telegraph from Paris says the insurgents have
stracked and burned Bihaes, in Boenis, killing
three hundred and fifty Turks. At a second encounter in the same neighborhood the Turks were
defeated, leaving one hundred and twenty dead
on the field. A Peath telegram reports that the
Servian Prime Minister, Ristics, in accordance
with the advice of Gea. Ignatioff, has decided
that the Servians shall cross the River Drina on
St. John's day.

NEW BULTAN PAVORABLY SECRIVED. NEW SULTAN PAVORABLY ENCEIVED.

LONDON, May 30.—In the House of Commons this afternoon Mr. Hourke, Under Secretary of the Foreign Department, in reply to a question, said the Turkish annhassador at London and the English ambassador at Constantinople had informed Lord Derby, the Foreign Minister, of the deshronement of the Sultan and the proclamation of Murad Effendi as his successor. No further particulars of the movement have been received, but a simultaneous telegram from Salonica announces that the proclamation of Murad Effendi was received there with general approbation.

WHAT ABDUL ASIE WILL DO.

WHAT ABDUL AXIX WILL DO.

Le Temps adds that Murad, the new Sultan, is disposed to remove Hussein Avni Pasha, the present Minister of War, because he favored the project of Abdul Asis to make the son instead of the nephew the heir to the throne. Murad speaks French. This is considered a great advantage, as he will be able to dispense with interpreters when he receives foreign ambassadors. The Russian ambassador has visited the Duc Decares. The latter gave assurances that France would contribute by every means in her power to the WHAT ABOUL ARIE WILL DO.

maintenance of peace and the preservation of a good understanding between the Powers.

THE TURKISH QUESTION.

LONDON, May 31.—The Berlin correspondent of the Times reports that M. Plamenac, the Montenegron Minister of War, had an interview with Baron Redich, at Ragussa, on Sunday, when he informed the Austrian Government that an offensive and defensive alliance had been concluded octween Servia, Komania, Montenegro and Greece. M. Plamenac was also understood to intimate that Thessaly and Crete would rise and support the movement in northern Turkey.

Altogether, the situation is regarded as drawing to a crisis. While the Porte confidentially informs the Powers that no armistice will be conceded on the conditions proposed by the Berlin memorandum, the Insurgent leaders loudly declare they will continue to fight until Independence is achieved. The Official Russian Invalide seconds these movements by the declaration that Engiand's refusal to join the Northern Powers cannot but bring on difficulties. Germany has requested Turkey to pay \$50,000 indemnity to the family of Consul Abbott. A late dispatch says that all of the Turkish Cabinet signed the deposition of the Sultan.

The deposition was accomplished during the night. The Due Decares, immediately on receiving news of the act, formally instructed the French Ambassador at Constantinople to exert all his influence to induce the new Government to hasten a pacific solution of the difficulties. The Duke pointed out that as Murad was, entirely free from embarrassing engagements his succession would naturally induce a suspension of hostilities. An armistice was in no way inconsistent with the dignity of the Government. The Ambassador was, therefore, directed to urge the Porte to take advantage of the opportunity and immediately enter into negotiations with the insurgents and make the concessions judged equitable and necessary.

EUSBLA'S FINGER IN THE FIR.

LONDON, May 31.—The Standard's correspondent at Rome says it is reported that the Italian Government has received THE TURKISH QUESTION.

Delegates to the Cincinnati Convention. (Special to the National Republican.)
SAULSBURY, N. C., May 30.—At the meeting of the Seventh Congressional District Committee of this State, held here to-day, Dr. J. J. Mott and Tom. N. Cooper were selected to be delegates to the Cincinnati convention, with J. W. Jones and P. Wilson as alternates. This is understood to will undoubtedly support Mr. Morton, and a num-ber of them will vote for Mr. Blaine. North Carolina may therefore be counted for the strong-est and most available man, as the situation may present itself after the first ballot at Cincin

THE FIRE FIEND. Destructive Fire in Canada - Fifty Houses Burned.

QUEBEC, CAN., May 30.—A fire started in Scott street, at 2 o'clock to-day, and is now raging.

Fifty houses have already been destroyed. The efforts of the firemen appear useless, and owing to a prevailing high wind and the amount of infiammable material in the neighborhood, it is feared that the greater part of the St. Louis suburbs will be destroyed. QUEBER, May 30, 6 p. m.—The fire continuer to rage with unabated fury. Already the houses destroyed may be counted by hundreds. Almost the whole population of the lower part of St. Louis suburbs are moving, and hundreds of poor unfortunate sufferers will be compelled to pass the night in open fields. Thousands of people are on the streets viewing thefire. The water was turned off from the ward when the fire started, which will account for its rapid spread. The say-lum of Good Shepherds is now out of danger. THE FIRE STILL RAGING.

OVER ONE THOUSAND HOUSES BURNED.

SALT LANE CITY, May 29.—There has been quite an emigration of Mormons to Arizona during the past winter and spring. While on their way to the Arizona settlements, on the 24th of this month, President Wells and seven men were upset while crossing a ferry of the Colerado river, and Bishop Roundy, one of the party, was drowned.

The Mustang Race.

New York, May 30.—Gec. Parker will again attempt the feat of riding 305 miles in 15 hours next Thursday at Fleetwood Park. The race will begin at 1 o'cleek in the morning.